

1. K. Leade couragious Cofin.

1. 2. K. Wee'l follow cheerefully.

A great noise within crying, run, save hold:

Enter in hast a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in haste.

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a cursed hast you made
If you have done so quickly: noble *Palamon*,
The gods will shew their glory in a life.
That thou art yet to leade,

Pal. Can that be,

When *Venus* I have said is false? How doe things fare?

Pir. Arise great Sir, and give the tydings eare
That are most early sweet, and bitter.

Pal. What

Hath wakt us from our dreame?

Pir. List then: your Cosen

Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did first bestow on him, a blacke one, owing
Not a hayre worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodnesse with this note: Which superstition
Heere findes allowance: On this horse is *Arcite*
Trotting the stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*
Did rather tell, then trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his Rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Musicke
His owne hoofes made; (for as they say from iron
Came Musickes origen) what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him posselt
With fire malevolent, darted a sparke
Or what feirce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets schoole doeing being therein traind,
And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At the sharpe Rowell, which he treats at
Then any jot obaies; seekes all foule me
Of boystrous and rough Iadrie, to dis-sea
His Lord, that kept it bravely: when ne
When neither Curb would cracke, girth
Dis-roote his Rider whence he gre w, b
He kept him tweene his legges, on his b
onen

That *Arcites* leggs being higher then h
Seem'd with strange art to hang: His v
Even then fell off his head: and present
Backward the Iade comes ore, and hi
Becomes the Riders loade: yet is he livi
But such a vessell tis, that floates but for
The surge that next approaches: he mu
To have some speech with you: Loe h
Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance
The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy hea
Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbru
Give me thy last words, I am *Palamon*
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take *Emilia*

And with her, all the worlds joy: Rea
Farewell: I have told my last houre;
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me C
One kisse from faire *Emilia*: Tis done
Take her: I die.

Pal. Thy brave soule seeke *Elizib*

Emil. Ile close thine eyes Prince;
Thou art a right good man, and while
This day I give to teares.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought
I sundred you, acknowledge to the ge
Our thanks that you are living:
His part is playd, and though it were
He did it well: your day is lengthned